

The Critic

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The Bible as Poetry.

IF THE TIME ever comes when iconoclasm does its extremest in one direction against this Book, the collection must still survive in another, and dominate just as much as hitherto, or more than hitherto, through its divine and primal poetic structure. To me, that is the living and definitive element-principle of the work, evolving everything else. Then the continuity; the oldest and newest Asiatic utterance and character, and all between, holding together, like the apparition of the sky, and coming to us the same. Even to our Nineteenth Century here are the fountain heads of song.

I suppose one cannot at this day say anything new, from a literary point of view, about those autochthonic bequests of Asia—the Hebrew Bible, the mighty Hindu epics, and a hundred lesser but typical works; (not now definitely including the *Iliad*—though that work was certainly of Asiatic genesis, as Homer himself was—considerations which seem curiously ignored). But will there ever be a time or place—ever a student, however modern, of the grand art, to whom those compositions will not afford profounder lessons than all else of their kind in the garnerage of the past? Could there be any more opportune suggestion, to the current popular writer and reader of verse, what the office of poet was in primeval times—and is yet capable of being anew, adjusted entirely to the modern?

All the poems of Orientalism, with the Old and New Testaments at the centre, tend to deep and wide, (I don't know but the deepest and widest,) psychological development—with little, or nothing at all, of the mere esthetic, the principal verse-requirement of our day. Very late, but unerringly, comes to every capable student the perception that it is not in beauty, it is not in art, it is not even in science, that the profoundest laws of the case have their eternal sway and outcropping.

In his discourse on 'Hebrew Poets' De Sola Mendes said: 'The fundamental feature of Judaism, of the Hebrew nationality, was religion; its poetry was naturally religious. Its subjects, God and Providence, the covenants with Israel, God in nature, and as revealed, God the Creator and Governor, nature in her majesty and beauty, inspired hymns and odes to nature's God.

And then the checkered history of the nation furnished allusions, illustrations, and subjects for epic display—the glory of the sanctuary, the offerings, the splendid ritual, the Holy City, and loved Palestine with its pleasant valleys and wild tracts.' Dr. Mendes said 'that rhyming was not a characteristic of Hebrew poetry at all. Metre was not a necessary mark of poetry. Great poets discarded it; the early Jewish poets knew it not.'

Compared with the famed epics of Greece, and lesser ones since, the spinal supports of the Bible are simple and meagre. All its history, biography, narratives, etc., are as beads, strung on and indicating the eternal thread of the Deific purpose and power. Yet with only deepest faith for impetus, and such Deific purpose for palpable or impalpable theme, it often transcends the masterpieces of Hellas, and all masterpieces. The metaphors daring beyond account, the lawless soul, extravagant by our standards, the glow of love and friendship, the fervent kiss—nothing in argument or logic, but unsurpassed in proverbs, in religious ecstasy, in suggestions of common mortality and death, man's great equalizers—the spirit everything, the ceremonies and forms of the churches nothing, faith limitless, its immense sensuousness immensely spiritual—an incredible, all-inclusive non-worldliness and dew-scented illiteracy (the antipodes of our Nineteenth Century business absorption and morbid refinement)—no hair-splitting doubts, no sickly sulking and sniffing, no 'Hamlet' no, 'Adonais,' no 'Thanatopsis,' no 'In Memoriam.'

The culminated proof of the poetry of a country is the quality of its personnel, which, in any race, can never be really superior without superior poems. The finest blending of individuality with universality (in my opinion nothing out of the galaxies of the 'Iliad,' or Shakspeare's heroes, or from the Tennysonian 'Idyls,' so lofty, devoted and starlike), typified in the songs of those old Asiatic lands. Men and women as great columnar trees. Nowhere else the abnegation of self towering in such quaint sublimity; nowhere else the simplest human emotions conquering the gods of heaven, and fate itself. (The episode, for instance, toward the close of the 'Mahabharata'—the journey of the wife Savitri with the god of death, Yama,

'One terrible to see—blood-red his garb,
His body huge and dark, bloodshot his eyes,
Which flamed like suns beneath his turban cloth,
Armed was he with a noose,'

who carries off the soul of the dead husband, the wife tenaciously following, and—by the resistless charm of perfect poetic recitation!—eventually redeeming her captive mate.)

I remember how enthusiastically William H. Seward, in his last days, once expatiated on these themes, from his travels in Turkey, Egypt, and Asia Minor, finding the oldest Biblical narratives exactly illustrated there to-day with apparently no break or change along three thousand years—the veiled women, the costumes, the gravity and simplicity, all the manners just the same. The veteran Trelawney said he found the only real *noblemen* of the world in a good average specimen of the mid-aged or elderly Oriental. In the East the grand figure, always leading, is the *old man*, majestic, with flowing beard, paternal, etc. In Europe and America, it is, as we know, the young fellow—in novels, a handsome and interesting hero, more or less juvenile—in operas, a tenor with blooming cheeks, black mustache, superficial animation, and perhaps good lungs, but no more depth than skim-milk. But reading folks probably get their information of those Bible areas and current

peoples, as depicted in print by English and French cadets, the most shallow, impudent, supercilious brood on earth.

I have said nothing yet of the cumulus of associations, (perfectly legitimate parts of its influence, and finally in many respects the dominant parts), of the Bible as a poetic entity, and of every book of it. Not the old edifice only—the congeries also of events and struggles and surroundings of which it has been the scene and motive—even the horrors, dreads, deaths. How many ages and generations have brooded and wept and agonized over this book! What untellable joys and ecstasies—what support to martyrs at the stake—from it. (No really great song can ever attain full purport till long after the death of its singer—till it has accrued and incorporated the many passions, many joys and sorrows, it has itself aroused.) To what myriads has it been the shore and rock of safety—the refuge from driving tempest and wreck! Translated in all languages, how it has united this diverse world! Of civilized lands to-day, whose of our retrospects has it not interwoven and linked and permeated? Not only does it bring us what is clasped within its covers; nay, that is the least of what it brings. Of its thousands, there is not a verse, not a word, but is thick-studded with human emotions, successions of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, of our own antecedents, inseparable from that background of us, on which, phantasmal as it is, all that we are to-day inevitably depends—our ancestry, our past.

Strange, but true, that the principal factor in cohering the nations, eras and paradoxes of the globe, by giving them a common platform of two or three great ideas, a commonality of origin, and projecting cosmic brotherhood, the dream of all hope, all time—that the long trains, gestations, attempts and failures, resulting in the New World, and in modern solidarity and politics—are to be identified and resolved back into a collection of old poetic lore, which, more than any one thing else, has been the axis of civilization and history through thousands of years—and except for which this America of ours, with its polity and essentials, could not now be existing.

No true bard will ever contravene the Bible. Coming steadily down from the past, like a ship, through all perturbations, all ebbs and flows, all time, it is to-day his art's chief reason for being.

WALT WHITMAN.

Literature

Walker's "Political Economy."*

THE book before us is likely to be much used by young students, and also by those general readers who wish to learn the elements of economical science; and for such it seems well adapted. Its style is clear, its examples abundant, its treatment of details more complete than we should have expected in so short a treatise. Mr. Walker opens his work with a chapter on the character and logical method of the science, defining it as the science of wealth, and defining wealth as anything that has value. He then goes on to distinguish the science from various other things with which it is often confounded, drawing the line between political economy as a science, and political economy as an art, and also between political economy and political equity. He frequently uses the simple term 'economics' to designate the science. We wish that he had always done so, and that all other economists would do likewise; for

so long as the science is called 'political' economy, men will continue to misconceive its real nature and scope. In speaking of the two different schools of economical science—the English or deductive and the German or historical—Mr. Walker, as it seems to us, falls into error. He considers the difference to lie in the differing premises of the two schools, and ranges himself in this respect with Professor Cairnes, drawing a comparison between that writer and Ricardo, which is quite unfavorable to the latter. But, in truth, Ricardo and Cairnes differ only as earlier and later expounders of the same science, and the difference between them is no greater than we find in the case of the earlier and later teachers of the physical sciences. The real distinction between the English and German schools lies in their methods of study, and here, as we are glad to see, Mr. Walker is at one with the English school. His doctrines, too, are in the main those of the same school; but on some points he differs from them and advances theories which are partly his own and partly derived from the French. For instance, he treats wages as the residuum of the product of industry, after rent, interest and profits have been deducted; or, to state it in his own words, 'In the theory of distribution here proposed, wages equal the product of industry minus the three parts already determined in their nature and amount.' Now, we can see no reason for treating wages as the residuum rather than profits; but, nevertheless, we should have had no fault to find, if the author had really determined the amount of the other three parts, as he professes to do. But he has not succeeded in doing this, for his theory of profits is unsound, and this vitiates his whole doctrine of distribution. He rejects the definition of profits given by the English writers, and designates by this term the personal gains of the employers of labor, after allowing interest on the capital used; and he then lays down the doctrine that the employer's profit depends entirely on his abilities and opportunities, and he thinks the opportunities of so little importance that they may be safely neglected, and profits be considered to depend solely on the personal ability of the employer. But surely the profits of a man of business depend as much on the amount of capital he employs as on his ability, for the same man with twice the capital will make twice the profit. It is impossible to treat the profits of employers apart from the profits on the capital they employ, and the author's attempt to do so is a signal failure; and with the fall of his theory of profits, his theory of wages must fall too. To our mind, the doctrine of the English economists, in spite of the fiction of the wages fund, is decidedly better than this French theory, which Mr. Walker has had the misfortune to adopt, while, at the same time, we hold that the perfect theory of distribution is yet to be found.

Again, the theory of taxation put forth in this work seems to us not only false but absurd. The author begins his discussion of this subject with a general condemnation of all that other economists have written upon it, declaring the French and German treatises worthless, and those of English writers 'shabby in the extreme.' He speaks of Adam Smith's rules of taxation as 'feeble and empty,' and then proceeds to a general condemnation of all kinds of taxes that governments usually levy, deciding equally against taxes on wealth, taxes on income, and taxes on expenditure, and states as his own doctrine that men ought to contribute to the expenses of the state in proportion to their 'faculty, or power of production.' He

* Political Economy. By Francis A. Walker. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

alludes to the personal service that men are sometimes called upon to render to the State, as in the army, and in some countries in working on the roads, and remarks that 'this is the ideal tax,' and that 'any mode of taxation which departs in essence from this involves a greater or smaller sacrifice of the equities of contribution.' And elsewhere he says that the State ought to 'bring faculty universally under contribution, if not in the form of personal labor, then by taxation proportioned to natural abilities.' Surely, this is the strangest theory of taxation ever propounded, that men should be taxed in proportion to their personal abilities, leaving all accumulated wealth to go untaxed! By this rule, a man of genius would be enormously taxed, while a simpleton who had inherited millions would go nearly scot-free. We have felt it our duty thus briefly to point out these defects in Mr. Walker's work; but in spite of them, we would commend the treatise to the student of economical science, cautioning him only against accepting the author's theories, or anybody's theories, without a thorough and independent examination of the subject to which they relate.

"The Poets and Poetry of Europe."*

THE new issue of this standard collection is termed a memorial edition, and seems to differ from its predecessors since 1870 chiefly in the addition of a fine steel-portrait of the poet as he appeared in 1879. The date of the supplement in which Longfellow made his final corrections is 1870, and there are, therefore, no extracts from the later translations of Sir Theodore Martin, Andrew Lang, Edmund W. Gosse, Walter Besant, John Payne, and J. A. Symonds, in England, or of Mr. Leland, Miss Preston, Miss Lazarus, Dr. Clarke, Miss Clarke, Mr. Young, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Bunner, and the editor himself, in America. It is a misfortune also that the revival of the French forms of verse, the rondeau and ballade, did not happen before the revision, for then we should have been spared the inaccuracy of the editor's graceful rendering of the rondels of Charles d'Orleans and of Christine de Pisan: and the ballade fares no better than its Provençal brother, the rondel. Villon's 'Ballade of Dead Ladies' appears twice, by some strange slip, once in the book itself and again in the supplement—and both times in the inexact but spirited rendering of Mr. D. G. Rossetti. And the almost equally celebrated *ballade à double refrain*, the 'Frère Lubin' of Clément Marot, has had the singular fortune of a translation by two of the chief American poets, Bryant and Longfellow, neither of whom transferred into English the construction of the *ballade*, to which it owes most of its effect. Longfellow here includes his own version.

But with this, all fault-finding must cease. No better collection of translations from the poets of continental Europe has ever been made or is likely to be made. No man is likely to come better fitted than Longfellow for the editing of such a work, or more skilled. He had an enormous range of reading in foreign tongues, and he was himself an incomparable translator. Especially to be noted is the insertion in the supplement of the translations from later Italian poets by Mr. W. D. Howells. It is to be wished that Mr. Howells would make a volume of his lectures and articles on the poetry of modern Italy. In this supplement, also, are a poem translated from Voltaire by James Russell Lowell and a sonnet translated from Arvers by Longfellow himself, neither of which are to be found—unless we err—in the

complete poetic works of the translators. 'Le sonnet d'Arvers' is one of the most famous single poems of modern French literature, and it is one of the most difficult to translate; even Longfellow has not come out of the struggle absolutely victorious, in spite of the liberty of construction indulged in.

Daudet's New Novel.*

DAUDET is becoming more Parisian than ever. He has forgotten the scenes of still-life which used to charm him. His place in the old mill knows him no more. He has no thought of the gulls which flew around his lighthouse, or the waves which roared at its base. He is all for the gossip of the town, the last scandal, the lion of the hour. He is in constant pursuit of *actualités*. Every new book from his pen must be concerned with the topic which is uppermost in the newspapers; all the characters must be taken from life, and so taken that the journalists can stimulate public curiosity by publishing a key to them. This is the road which leads to success.

'L'Évangéliste,' which has just been published in Paris, is the romance of the Salvation Army. The noisy sectarians have been blowing their horn in the *Champs Élysées*, and the *Figaro* has interviewed their leaders. That is quite enough for M. Alphonse Daudet. He at once goes to work to show the mysteries of proselytism, and to reveal the ravages caused in French households by the legions of General Booth. There is nothing new in what he says. Religious ecstasy has long been a favorite theme with French novelists. George Sand revelled in it in her younger days. 'Spiridion' was esteemed by her the work of her life. Nevertheless, the worshippers of M. Daudet persuade him that he is the first to combat what he calls 'la Peste Anglicane.' He dedicates his work, as an 'observation,' to the great Dr. Charcot, and the great Dr. Charcot thanks him in reply, calling him 'dear colleague' and acknowledging the merit of his 'clinical study.'

It is the story of Eline Ebsen—an impressionable Parisian maiden, who is seduced from her mother's side into a religious community, and who, when she is restored to her home, is wholly changed. 'C'est mon enfant,' writes Mme. Ebsen, 'et ce n'est plus mon enfant. Douce et soumise, prête à tout ce qu'on veut, mais froide, détachée, comme s'il y aurait quelque chose de brisé en elle. C'est son cœur, voyez vous, qui ne va plus.' One night, three weeks after Eline's return, the mother comes home. Her daughter is preparing to leave the house. 'Where are you going, child?' asks Mme. Ebsen. 'Mother,' she replies, 'God is calling me. I go to him.' Then the mother understands that the return was a device; that the community has restored her child that all may know her to be acting under no coercion. 'Be it so,' she says at last: 'I have lost a daughter.' And the girl, kissing her cheek coldly, then seized with a momentary hesitation, then as quickly controlling it, exclaims: 'It is for your salvation and mine. In tearing us apart, I am saving your soul,' and so passes into the street. They never meet again.

There are scenes in the book, like this closing scene, which show Daudet's dramatic instinct. There are bits of description, more exact and less florid than those of 'Numa Roumestan' and 'Le Nabab.' There is at all times the perfect purity of style which marks even the hastiest efforts of this author. At the same time, there

* The Poets and Poetry of Europe. With Introduction and Biographical Notices by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* L'Évangéliste. By Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

is not a trace of humor, the incidents are few, the characters are blurred in outline. And that which is especially objectionable in a writer of high aim is that M. Albert Wolff and chroniclers of his class are already offering to tell you who all the people are, how M. Daudet came to know them, and how he was furnished with their private correspondence. When a novelist condescends to use factitious aids like these, he is lost to literature.

The Constitutional History of the United States.*

The publishers of this volume are English, and it was written, we suppose, mainly for foreign readers. Such a reader will learn from it a good deal that is true, and a good deal that is not true; and that which is true is so excellent that it is the more to be regretted that certain portions are open to criticism. The book is divided into seven chapters and an appendix, the appendix containing the Articles of Confederation and the present Constitution, with the Amendments made from time to time. The first four chapters are a history of the Constitution. They are a careful and, for the most part, an instructive exposition of the necessity for and the character of that body of law. That it should be written in law-English—an idiom never tender of the mother-tongue—was to be expected, though it may sometimes rather puzzle the laity. On a question of law, however, the reader's confidence should be implicit, which it cannot be when he is told that the alien and sedition laws were repealed to avoid a conflict threatened by the Resolutions of Virginia and Kentucky of '98; for those laws, if we are not greatly in error, expired by their own limitation, and the Resolutions of '98 were of little moment except in their application to subsequent events. The fifth chapter treats of the post-Constitutional history down to our own times. The book, we think, would have been more valuable without it, partly because the subject is too large for so brief a consideration, and partly because it is written from a purely partisan point of view. One need not, for example, be a Democrat to see that Hayes was not the choice of the majority of the people for President in 1876, and that he attained to that position by skillful political management; nor need one be a Republican to acknowledge a fact which Mr. Sterne altogether ignores—that however burdensome may have been the reign of provisional governments and returning boards at the South, the State governments since have been, in some instances, mere mockeries of popular rule. The last two chapters, on current questions, and on the State Constitutions, are really the fitting counterparts of the first four chapters, and contain discussions and suggestions which cannot be read without profit by any thoughtful mind.

"Dante Gabriel Rossetti."†

Now that Dante Gabriel Rossetti is dead, the world is in a fair way of learning something about him. He has been the Grand Lama of English art, about whose pictures of angels and kings, jealously kept from the light of day, the public has had its curiosity aroused by his published poems and book-illustrations, and by the reports of his friends. They were understood to be more abnormal than those of Mr. Burne-Jones or any other of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and they certainly have had, though unseen, a more unhealthy

effect upon contemporary English art. It is a strange chapter in the history of art that is now coming to a close in England, with the novel accompaniment of ridicule and sneers from people who would never have been heard of, if it were not for those luckless men of genius who could hardly have helped their being born in that country, yet who struck no note to which English life could respond, and who dreamed of popularizing an art based on the study of forgotten masters, on abstract speculations, on studio musings; not of creating an art that should at all hazards be popular. The subject of this volume was the most incorrigible dreamer of the set. He refused to be even partially awakened and, when disturbed by adverse criticism, he retired into his den and ignored the world entirely.

Rossetti was born in London in May, 1828. His father, Gabriel Rossetti—known as a commentator of Dante—was a political refugee from Naples. His mother was a daughter of Alfieri's secretary. While very young he entered the studio of Mr. Ford Madox Brown and, still unpractised in the technic of art, soon opened a studio of his own in company with Mr. Holman Hunt. At this time, in his twentieth year, he is said to have presented an ascetic and haggard appearance, and to have gone about in a long swallow-tailed coat of what was even in 1848 an antique pattern. In his studio in Newman Street, the pre-Raphaelite organization was formed and held the deliberations which resulted in the publication of 'The Germ,' which was edited by his brother, and to which he contributed some poems. In 1853 he produced the designs for Tennyson's poems which are his best-known works. Some years later he became acquainted with Mr. William Morris, Mr. Burne-Jones and others who are now accounted pre-Raphaelites, and in 1860 he married the lady whose death, in 1862, put a sudden check to all his work, both literary and artistic. At this time he had already painted many pictures and had written 'The Blessed Damozel,' 'Sister Helen,' and other poems, and had made the translations from the Italian which were afterward issued as 'Dante and his Circle.' After this he lived more or less as a recluse, the melancholy which settled upon him being intensified by the manner in which his pictures and poems were received. Others, written or painted after this date, are, however, generally believed to be his best.—His friends rank Rossetti with Turner in art and with Coleridge and Keats in literature. They are the only persons who are in a position to speak about his paintings, and his published poems are too widely known by this time to need any comment. The present book is, therefore, chiefly interesting as an account of his life and work as an artist. It is, as such, comprehensive, sympathetic, and, we are bound to suppose, accurate.

"Aubert Dubayet."‡

IN 'Aubert Dubayet' there is little that is new to the student of history except the name of the hero, if hero of the story this very mild and inoffensive gentleman can be called. The author assures us that such a gentleman was born in Louisiana in 1759, and his reason for telling us about him is that he 'assisted the successful creation of two republics in two hemispheres.' He certainly 'assisted' in the sense of the French verb 'assister,' inasmuch as we all 'assist' more or less at any epoch when we kindly consent to exist at all. Perhaps this is hardly fair, for Dubayet did move in the higher

* Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States. By Simon Sterne, of the New York Bar. New York: Cassell, Petter Galpin & Co.

† Dante Gabriel Rossetti. A Record and a Study. By William Sharp. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

‡ Aubert Dubayet. By Charles Gayarré. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

circles; he was invited to spend a week with Washington at Mt. Vernon, he knew Mirabeau and once dined with Talleyrand, and he was made Governor of Mayence (only to surrender it to the King of Prussia); but there is much more about him in the brief biography in the introduction than in all the rest of the book. On page 304 we are treated to a brief glimpse of Dubayet perusing certain papers 'with great interest,' and he does not appear again until page 413; when the author—having in the mean time occupied himself with Marat, Charlotte Corday, the Girondists, Robespierre, etc.—remarks, casually, that we must now return to General Aubert Dubayet. Let us not be understood, however, as resenting the implication that our acquaintance with French history needs to be renewed. It was recently our fate to choose a single parlor-lamp from a million or two presented for our selection, and the dealer, in pity for our despair, kindly told us that any one of them would look well when we 'got it by itself.' The writer who 'gets' any epoch of history 'by itself,' in a single brief essay, novel, or poem, does us all a very great service; first, because comparatively few plod through the volumes of Carlyle, Prescott, or Motley, and secondly, because those who do rarely retain a vivid, picturesque impression of any single battle or event. 'Aubert Dubayet' is eminently worth reading, if only for the clear picture it presents of Mirabeau, and the distinct impression we receive of the entirely different motives and modes of thought governing the men who all declared themselves to be fighting for 'the People,' a century ago.

Recent Fiction.

MRS. LILLIE'S stories for young girls will, we think, be found more interesting to the elders than her novel of 'Prudence.' They are short and few, but original and prettily told; while the unobtrusive though evident moral of 'Mildred's Bargain' (Harper) would save a large proportion of the anxiety and irritability in many a fashionable household, could it once penetrate the consciousness of even wealthy ladies who have their purchases 'charged.'

THERE is an exceeding amount of excessive playfulness in the pages of 'Portia' (Lippincott), for a novel with so formidable a secondary title as 'by Passions Rocked.' A serene and slender mystery does, indeed, try to meander gracefully among the puns and frolics of the heroes and heroines, and a great deal of agony is piled up suddenly on the last page; but on the whole the book is amusing rather than tragic. The story is by the author of 'Molly Bawn.'

IF ONLY from gratitude, one would read almost anything by an author who had condensed himself into eighty tiny pages. When we add to gratitude the taking title of Barilli's 'A Whimsical Wooing' (Gottschberger), its pretty binding, and the fact that it is by the author of 'The Eleventh Commandment,' the little book will be sure of readers. It can be read easily in an hour, but one will not wish to be disturbed during the hour. The situation is novel and managed with refinement; the style, as preserved by the translator, Clara Bell, is crisp and sparkling.

'BARRINGTON'S FATE,' the latest addition to the No Name Series, might certainly be called 'the old, old story'; for it deals not only with a young man in love with a young lady, and *vice versa*, but a father on the verge of bankruptcy from which he can only be saved by the young lady's marrying a more wealthy suitor. The story opens prettily enough; for if anything is lovelier than the love that follows friendship it is love at first sight, when it justifies itself by proving eternal as well as sudden; and there have been a sufficient number of cases of it in real life to make it allowable in fiction. Barrington sees his Fate—as Goethe did one of his—in the housewifely employment of distributing, not exactly the bread and butter of the German, but delicious English strawberries. A point well put is the pang in the heroine's heart when the invalid mother tells of the comfort it has been to feel that her young daughter could be trusted abso-

lutely in all places and circumstances; the fact being that the young daughter is at that moment carrying on an underhand scheme. With the exception of these two good points, the story is quite worthless, and low in tone. Love is made to appear the end and aim of existence, justifying almost any sacrifice of delicacy or principle on the part of those who have been touched by Cupid's shafts.

'PHYLLIS BROWNE,' like 'Hector' by the same author, Flora L. Shaw, is a story in which children are the heroes and heroines, but which is intended only for the elders to read. It is not by any means to be put into the hands of children of any age; and this is not because its incidents are objectionable in a moral sense, or because its style is poor; but because of the very excellence of the style in depicting scenes terrible for the nerves if not for the morals. It would be well indeed for any young girl to read and emulate the nobleness and fortitude of Phyllis; well, too, for any lad to study the consequences of a misapplied sense of honor in the boy Ladislas; and the story is an admirable commentary on much misdirected charity which thinks itself benevolence; but the chapters in which the girl's fortitude is best shown—and which in their way are almost as well written as any of the thrilling chapters of 'Les Misérables,'—made our own blood curdle with fright, and we should dread to think of their falling under the eye of any sensitive child. But let the elders read it, by all means. (Roberts Bros.)

A Letter from Harriet Martineau.

[We do not remember to have seen the following letter from Harriet Martineau in print. As Miss Martineau was born in 1802, and was in the United States in 1835, she must have been but sixty-three when this letter was written, since she was called 'the old woman' 'thirty years ago.']

Tuesday. [1865.]

DEAR MADAM: If the note I send should be of any sort of use to you, I shall be much pleased. If not, you will, I trust, feel no scruple and no awkwardness about suppressing it altogether.

Perhaps any testimony of mine may be taken to be a forgery there—the time seems so long since I was there, and the Slaveholding newspapers called me 'the old woman,' thirty years ago. Last summer a party of Americans came staring about the premises and pumping the servants. They asked them my age (all three separately) and rebuked them for lying when they told. These travellers 'knew that I was far above ninety.' However, there are some yet who know me to be living, and will inquire for 'Serenades' when I wish they should.

My niece and I send our love to Miss Napier and our kind regards to yourself and Miss Thurgar.

Very truly yours,

H. MARTINEAU.

Professor Nichol's Blunders.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

One would think that your review of Professor Nichol's 'American Literature' had brought all of its faults to light; but I have come across some errors not noted in your criticism. For example, Professor Nichol speaks of Mr. E. C. Stedman only as a critic 'who, from time to time, in *Harper's Magazine*, seems disposed, perhaps, rather to over-exalt some of our minor writers with whose biographies he is familiar.' Mr. Stedman has contributed only one article on the 'minor writers' of England to *Harper's Magazine*. The essays that fill his admirable volume on the 'Victorian Poets' were contributed, 'from time to time,' to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*. Professor Nichol seems to know nothing of Mr. Stedman as a poet; and Mr. R. H. Stoddard is only known to him as one who 'gives interesting familiar reminiscences of Longfellow and other national poets' to the pages of *Scribner's Monthly*. I find no mention of John Burroughs in this sympathetic sketch of our literature.

NEW YORK, January 29, 1883.

A. H. A.

'THE PESSIMISM OF LEOPARDI' is the subject of an interesting essay by William R. Thayer, in *The Continent* of January 31st.

My Books.*

They dwell in the odor of camphor,
 They stand in a Sherraton shrine,
 They are 'warranted early editions,'
 These worshipful books of mine ;—

In their cream-colored 'Oxford vellum,'
 In their redolent 'crushed Levant,'
 With their delicate 'watered linings,'
 They are jewels of price, I grant ;—

'Blind-tooled' and 'morocco-jointed,'
 They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
 They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
 But they gather the dust, no less :—

For the row that I prize is yonder,
 Away on the unglazed shelves,
 The bulged and the bruised *octavos*,
 The dear and the dumpy twelves,—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,
 And Howell the worse for wear,
 And the worm-drilled Jesuits' Horace,
 And the little old cropped Molière,—

And the Burton I bought for fourpence,
 And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
 For the others I never have opened,
 But those are the ones I read.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Courses of Reading on Special Subjects.

Theology.†

- Wright (C. H. H.). Zechariah and his Prophecies, with Commentary and New Translation. Bampton Lectures for 1878. Lond.: 1879.
- Bissell (E. C.). The Apocrypha of the Old Testament, with Introductions, Revised Translations, and Notes. Uniform with Lange's Commentary. New York: 1880.
- Separate books of the New Testament. Morison (James). Practical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Mark. New ed. Boston: 1882.
- Godet (F.). Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke. Trans. from French by E. W. Shalders and M. D. Cusin. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1875.
- Godet (F.). Commentary on the Gospel of St. John, with Critical Introduction. Trans. from 2d French ed., by F. Crombie, M. D. Cusin, and S. Taylor. 3 vols. Edinburgh: 1876-77.
- Trench (R. C.). The Sermon on the Mount. 3d ed., enlarged. London: 1869. Notes on the Parables of our Lord. New York: 1871.
- Bruce (A. B.). Parabolic Teaching of our Lord. London: 1882.
- Baumgarten (M.). The Acts of the Apostles. Trans. from the German by A. J. W. Morrison and T. Meyer. 3 vols. Edin. 1854.
- Hackett (H. B.). Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. Rev. ed. Andover: 1858. New ed., by A. Hovey and E. Abbot. Philadelphia: 1882.
- Godet (F.). Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Trans. from the French by A. Cusin. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1880-81.
- Beet (J. A.). Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. 2d ed. Lond.: 1882.
- Shedd (W. G. T.). Critical and Doctrinal Commentary on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. New York: 1879.
- Hodge (Charles). Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. New ed. Philadelphia: 1856.
- The two preceding are from the standpoint of the dogmatic theologian.
- Stanley (A. P.). The Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, with Critical Notes and Dissertations. Lond. 4th ed. 1875.
- Beet (J. A.). Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Lond.: 1882.
- Lightfoot (J. B.). St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. 5th ed. Lond.: 1875. Andover: 1870.
- Ellicott (C. J.). Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. Andover: 1862.

Eadie (John). Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistles of Paul to the Ephesians. New York: 1861.

Lightfoot (J. B.). St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. Lond.: 1868. St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians and to Philemon. Lond.: 1875. The dissertations on special topics are a valuable feature of Lightfoot's Commentaries.

Eadie (John). Commentary on the Greek Text of the Epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians. Lond.: 1877.

Ellicott (C. J.). Critical and Grammatical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians. Andover: 1865. Critical and Grammatical Commentary on the Pastoral Epistles. Andover: 1865.

Fairbairn (P.). The Pastoral Epistles. Edinburgh: 1874.

Tholuck (F. A.). Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Trans. from the Germ. by J. Hamilton. 2 vols. New ed. Edinburgh: 1869.

Lillemann (Gottlieb). Epistle to the Hebrews. In Meyer's Commentary. Trans. from 4th Germ. ed., by M. J. Evans. Edinburgh: 1882.

Stuart (Moses). Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Rev. ed. by R. D. C. Robbins. Andover: 1864.

Leighton (Robert). Practical Commentary on the First Epistle General of Peter. Suggestive and devotional.

Brown (John). Expository Discourses on First Peter. 3 vols. Edinburgh: 1866. 1 vol. New York: 1868.

Lillie (John). Lectures on the First and Second Epistles of Peter. New York: 1869.

Haupt (Erich). The First Epistle of John. Trans. from the Germ. by W. B. Pope. Edinburgh: 1879.

Ebrard (J. H. A.). Biblical Commentary on the Epistles of St. John. Trans. from the Germ. by W. B. Pope. Edinburgh: 1860.

Stuart (Moses). Commentary on the Apocalypse. 2 vols. Andover: 1845.

Vaughan (C. J.). Lectures on the Revelation of St. John. 4th ed. 2 vols. Lond.: 1875.

Cowles (Henry). The Revelation of St. John, with Notes. New York: 1871. Concise and popular.

See also full lists of English Commentaries in Spurgeon (C. H.), Commenting and Commentaries. Lond. 1876.

8. BIBLICAL THEOLOGY.

Oehler (G. F.). Theology of the Old Testament. Trans. from the Germ. by Ellen D. Smith and Sophia Taylor. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1874.

Riehm (Edward). Messianic Prophecy: its Origin, History, Character, and Relation to New Testament Fulfilment. Trans. from the Germ. by John Jefferson. Edinburgh: 1876. An excellent introduction to the subject.

Gloag (P. J.). The Messianic Prophecies. Baird Lecture for 1879. Edinburgh: 1879.

Hengstenberg (E. W.). Christology of the Old Testament. Trans. from Germ. 4 vols. Edinburgh. 1871 and following.

Cave (Alfred). The Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice. Edinburgh and New York: 1877.

Weiss (Bernhard). Biblical Theology of the New Testament. Trans. from 3d German ed., by David Eaton. To be complete in 2 vols. Vol. I., Edinburgh: 1882.

Schmid (C. F.). Biblical Theology of the New Testament. Trans. from the German by G. H. Venables. Edinburgh: 1871.

Less thorough in details than the preceding, and imperfectly translated.

Van Oosterzee (J. J.). Theology of the New Testament. Trans. from the Dutch by Geo. E. Day. New York: 1871. Also by M. J. Evans, New York: 1876. Simple, and adapted for an introductory hand-book.

Barnard (T. D.). The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament. Bampton Lectures for 1864. Lond.: 1864. Boston: 1870. New York: 1882.

9. BIBLICAL HISTORY.

Lenormant (F.). The Beginnings of History, According to the Bible and the Traditions of Oriental Peoples. Creation to Deluge. Trans. from the French. New York: 1882.

Ewald (Heinrich). The History of Israel. Trans. from the Germ. Edited by R. Martineau and J. E. Carpenter. 5 vols. Lond.: 1871-76.

Stanley (A. P.). Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. 3 vols. New York: 1867-77.

Hengstenberg (E. W.). History of the Kingdom of God under the Old Testament. Trans. from the Germ. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1871-73.

Geikie (Cunningham). Hours with the Bible. Vols. I.-IV. (to Hezekiah). New York: 1881-82. Written in view of recent discoveries in Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt.

PHILIP SCHAFF.
 FRANCIS BROWN.

* Longman's Magazine for February.

† Continued from Jan. 27. To be concluded next week.

The Critic

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

Harper's Magazine for March will contain a story by Mrs. H. P. Spofford, 'Mrs. Caxton's Skeleton,' and a poem by Sarah O. Jewett, 'The Eagle Trees,' which is associated with Whittier and dedicated to him. The illustrations to Mrs. Van Rensselaer's article on 'Parsifal' will represent some of the most striking scenes in the opera, with a new portrait of Wagner, and a page-portrait of the favorite German soprano, F. Therese Malten. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., will have a paper on 'Sir Christopher Gardiner,' which he calls 'A Page of Early Colonial History.' Sir Christopher was a melodramatic character in early Massachusetts. Miss Sedgwick introduced him as the villain in her now-forgotten novel, 'Hope Leslie'; Motley has him in his story of Merrymount; John T. Adams also made literary use of him; and Longfellow put 'The Rhyme of Sir Christopher Gardiner' into the mouth of the Landlord as the last of the 'Tales of a Wayside Inn.' None of these writers, however, have stuck very closely to the true history of this romantic Englishman, and Mr. Adams proposes to set him right from the few authentic facts that can be discovered about him.

'At Teague Potet's' is the appetizing title of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's new story, which is soon to appear in *The Century*, and which is said to be 'Uncle Remus's' nearest approach to an extended work of fiction. It will be printed in two or three parts, and although the author deprecates the characterization of it as a novelette, it is somewhat more than he has chosen to call it—a sketch of the Hog Mountain Range. 'Teague Potet' is a 'moonshiner' of a formidable type, and his house is the rallying point of many types of 'cracker' life, of which Mr. Harris has made a close and interesting study. The heart of the story, as may be inferred, is the raiding of the mountains by government officers in search of illicit whiskey.

'John Leith's Captivity,' a rare pamphlet, printed at Lancaster, O., in 1831, and newly edited and annotated by C. W. Butterfield, is to be reprinted by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati. Only 100 copies will be struck off (of which only 90 will be for sale), unless orders for a larger number are received before February 15th. The pamphlet is a curious one, containing a brief biography of the man Leith, and a pretty full account of his travels and sufferings among the Indians, between the years 1774 and 1792.

'The Red Acorn,' by John McElroy, managing-editor of the *Toledo Blade*, will inaugurate, in March, the Acorn Series of novels, which Henry A. Sumner & Co. announce.

The Antiquary (Bouton), in noticing a recent number of *The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*, admits that 'if America does not possess the objects of civilized archaeology (if we may so call it), such as Europe boasts of, it has an unrivalled storehouse of anthropological archaeology, which Europe has never possessed.' The treasures of this storehouse are brought to light in larger quantities every year, and studied with better-directed zeal.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, President of the Archaeological Institute of America, will lecture in this city, on the evening of Friday, the 15th inst., on the exploration of the ancient Greek city of Assos, by the Expedition fitted out by the Institute. The lecture will be given in Chickering Hall, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and plans and drawings illustrating the explorations will be exhibited at the Museum on the 16th inst. and for some time thereafter.

Additional fellowships and scholarships are to be established at Washington and Lee University, with the proceeds of an entertainment to be given by the leading artists of the Mapleson Opera Company at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, March 27th.

Paxton Hood's 'Life of Cromwell' is just issued in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Series—a series in which it is designed to publish works of real value at cheap-fiction prices. The publishers announce that all the foreign books issued in the Standard Library are paid for.

The British Critic, the magazine which was to have been edited by Mr. John Morley, and published by Macmillan & Co., has been given up. Mr. George Grove has retired from the editorship of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and Mr. Morley has succeeded him. It is said that Macmillan & Co. are about to publish a popular illustrated magazine to be edited by Mr. Comyns Carr.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has edited a sketch of the life of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which Funk & Wagnalls will publish on the 10th. The book is largely anecdotal and gives numerous illustrations of Mr. Beecher's manner of work.

The Athenæum's review of the new volume of Froude's 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' which Messrs. Scribner have just ready, piques one's curiosity to see the book. 'Mr. Froude,' we are told, 'can hardly be without readers as long as there are those who read for the pleasure of reading.' In this new volume are to be found 'some of his most perfect illustrations,'—'and who has given us such exquisite images as he?' Yet the reviewer holds that Mr. Froude has mistaken his vocation. Had he become a lawyer, instead of a historian, he would have been the most skillful advocate of his time.

The collection of 'Old Love-Letters' made by Mrs. Richardson (J. R. Osgood & Co.) is a literary curiosity and a charming book. We think, however, that the editor has strained a point in putting Dr. Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale in a book so named.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, at present in this country, has failed to supply *Macmillan's Magazine* with the closing chapters of his serial, 'Fortune's Fool,' so the readers of the story will probably never know how it ends. The publishers, we understand, have paid in full for the work.

The Christian Union will publish during the present month six answers to the question, 'Is there any relief for those who are bearing the burden of their own sins.' The replies will be made by Father Preston, Rabbi Gottheil, Rev. Drs. H. C. Potter, Rufus Ellis, F. L. Patton, and the Rev. Minot J. Savage. Three numbers of the *Union* will contain a new story, 'The Whirligig of Time,' by the Rev. Dr. William M. Baker, author of 'His Majesty Myself.'

Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie, author of 'Vice-Versa,' has written a new novel which will be begun in the July number of *The Cornhill Magazine*. When completed it will be published in book-form by D. Appleton & Co.

The American Journal of Numismatics describes the medals to be struck for the coronation of the Tsar. Heretofore, such medals have borne only the likeness of the Tsar himself, but on these the profile of the Tsarina also will appear. The reverse will bear the imperial arms, with the motto 'S'nam Bog' (God with Us). There will be 800 large and 1000 small medals in gold, and 1600 large and 2000 small in silver. Fifty thousand bronze medals, bearing on one side the imperial crown and the initials 'A.' and 'M.,' and on the other the legend 'Koronowany w Moskwie, 1883' (Crowned at Moscow, 1883), will be scattered among the crowd.

Elliot Stock, of London, has published a facsimile reprint of the first edition (1719), of 'Robinson Crusoe,' with an introduction by Austin Dobson. Four editions of the original volume were published within three months.

The Messrs. Putnam announce 'Authors and Publishers; a Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature,' a little volume which will contain descriptions of publishers' methods, and arrangements of manuscript; copyright law; information concerning foreign copyright; directions for preparing manuscript for press, and for proof-reading; and explanations of the details of book-making, specimens of typography, etc. The authorship of this comprehensive book is unknown. The same firm announce 'Sacred Scriptures,' a collection of the more devout, practical and important portions of the ancient Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, to which are added kindred selections from the other scriptures of the world, the whole translated, arranged and compiled by a clergyman.

The January *Bibliographer* (Bouton) prints a list of English and foreign editions of 'Robinson Crusoe,' including translations into French, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese (Rio de Janeiro, 1863), Latin (from the French), Persian (from the Urdu), Turkish, Hungarian, and Welsh. It also gives a facsimile of the title-page of the original edition, which ran as follows: 'The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York. Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River Oroonoke; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by Pyrates. Written by Himself. London; Printed for W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCXIX.'

The 'Drawer' of the March *Harper's* will contain a comic operetta by Mrs. E. T. Corbett, called 'King Alfred.' The text is illustrated and the airs are indicated.

Mr. Austin Dobson, in the midst of his labors in prose—prefaces to Herrick, to Gay, and to 'Robinson Crusoe'—still finds time to drop into poetry now and then. He had a lovely 'Ballad of the Thrush' in the February *Magazine of Art*; and he has a delightful bit of verse on 'My Books' in the February *Longman's*, where it is preceded by Mr. Lang's 'Ballade of the Happy Hunting-grounds.' Mr. Lang's verses are characteristic, but a little stiff. Mr. Dobson's (which will be found on another page of THE CRITIC) are as clear and as charming as is his wont. After Mrs. Oliphant's 'Sheridan,' Mr. Dobson's 'Fielding' will come next in the English Men-of-Letters Series.

Life, the new comic paper, is real, *Life* is earnest, and the grave is not its goal. In view of its success, there is something highly comic in the assertion of certain Boston papers that it is a continuation of the Harvard *Lampoon*. It owes less to the *Lampoon* than it does to the Columbia *Spectator*, and as Mr. McVickar, Mr. J. Brander Matthews, Mr. F. D. Sherman, Mr. H. G. Paine, Mr. F. B. Herzog, Mr. Arthur Penn and others of the contributors to *Life* are Columbia men, there is to be detected a slight touch of Boston superciliousness in the contrary assertion. As a matter of fact, *Life* has had comparatively little college-flavor, though largely written by college-graduates; and some of the best things which have yet appeared in it have come from outsiders—such as Mr. G. T. Lanigan and Mr. W. L. Alden.

Anthony Trollope left an autobiographical memoir which will be published by his son Henry.

Mr. Browning's forthcoming volume, 'Jocoseria,' will contain poems varying in length and style. The principal ones are 'Donald,' 'Solomon and Balkis,' 'Christina and Monaldeschi,' 'Mary Wollstoncraft and Fuseli,' 'Ixion,' and—though last not least—'Hakkadosch Jochanan.'

THERE has been a movement looking to the reduction or abrogation of the tariff on foreign books. We believe the time will come when these duties, as well as all duties on objects of art, will be removed. Even those who are not in favor of free-trade in manufactures should be in favor of free-trade in all matters artistic and literary. All intelligent persons should use their influence in this direction, thus helping to create a sound and liberal public sentiment.

MRS. OLIPHANT is indignant, and no wonder, at the way in which she is mentioned in the *Life* of Bishop Wilberforce. The entry is made in his journal in telegraphic style: 'Mrs. Carlyle account of E. Irving; Mrs. Oliphant did not understand him at all; his variety, so kind—never depreciated a living creature; his love and loveableness the point of his character; fond of creature comforts. Mrs. Oliphant narrow and jealous, and greatly the cause of submitting him to his foes.' And this cruel statement is made between the entry of a prayer and a sermon.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: 'Why is the Italian language the only European tongue in common use in Egypt, and why are official proclamations issued in Italian when Arabic is not employed?' In answer to this inquiry, Cavaliere Raffi, the Italian Consul-General in New York, kindly writes to us as follows: 'The Italian colony is the most numerous in Egypt; the immigrants come from the most cultivated class of Italians; the clerkships in the tribunals and telegraphs are mostly held by Italians; the doctors and lawyers are generally Italians; Italian is the language of Syria and the Holy Land; most of the religious corporations in Egypt, and all the principal schools, are Italian.'

GEORGE W. CLINTON is still occupied at Albany in the arrangement, for publication, of the works of his grand-uncle, Governor George Clinton, and has proceeded so far as to index twenty-three of the twenty-five folio volumes in the possession of the State. After this is done, he intends to supply explanatory and historical notes, that all may be ready for publication when the Legislature shall order it. Mr. Berthold Fernow is hard at work on another volume of the Colonial History which, when issued, will be the fourteenth. Mr. William L. Stone, of Jersey City, has lately issued the *Orderly Book* of Sir John Johnson during the Oriskany Campaign in 1777, with copious annotations. A life of

Sir John, by General J. Watts de Peyster, is also included. This forms a valuable addition to our history of that year—the year when our reverses seemed greatest; and it gives an account of the struggle on the Mohawk which finally decided the battle of Saratoga, and gained us the alliance of France.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.'s new catalogue of Americana is at hand. In shape it is similar to the two preceding ones, but with a change in type. It is roughly classified, on a somewhat different plan from that of 1878, and hardly, we should think, as convenient to the reader. Some errors have crept in, as for instance in Lot 867, which has no business in a collection of Americana; John W. Forney has his name spelled Fournery; and the numbers 1888 and 1066 are given as the dates of issue of two volumes. But on the whole it reflects credit upon the publishers, and is the best and most convenient catalogue of works on America issued by any bookseller. More than 6500 numbers are given, comprising probably nearly 9000 volumes, and including every State in the Union, as well as the British colonies, the West Indies, Mexico, and South America. The titles of many of these works are not in Sabin's Dictionary, nor in the catalogues of our larger libraries. Few of the expensive curiosities of the book-hunter are among them, and scarcely any at a high price. At the end are advertisements of Clarke's own publications, especially rich in American history.

WE are interested in the Rev. Heber Newton's Sermons on the right and wrong use of the Bible, and in their reception, not so much from a theological or ecclesiastical point of view, as from a literary. The Bible is a book in which all mankind are profoundly interested. Some of the ablest and best furnished minds of the century are now and have for some time been engaged in its criticism and elucidation in the new lights of history and of science. Within a single generation, the leading scholars of the church have taken a new attitude toward the great book. The old view of verbal and complete inspiration is seldom held or heard of nowadays. The Bible, in fact, is regarded less as a fetish, while at the same time it is studied and pondered upon, perhaps with more interest, certainly with more intelligence, than ever before. The 'orthodox' commentaries of to-day contain matter that twenty or thirty years ago would have been thought subversive of religion. Mr. Heber Newton's views, while reverent, are certainly advanced, and may be out of place in an Episcopal pulpit. We notice that there is a movement on foot looking to his trial and deposition from the ministry. Mr. Newton himself can hardly object to a fair trial, for it is of importance to him and to others that it should be definitely known how far the discussion of the Bible is free in a pulpit whose minister still claims to be orthodox. This will be valuable information, not only for ministers but for congregations. We who sit in the pews have certainly a right to know whether or not our pastors, when they preach to us about the Bible, and 'defend it from the attacks' of science and infidelity, are discussing the subject with reasonable literary freedom. In other words, are the people to look to the pulpit, or to the writings of specialists, for the intelligent and fearless criticism of the chief book of Christendom? We have not yet seen the authorized reports of Mr. Newton's sermons, and cannot therefore judge with full intelligence of their wisdom or scholarship. Their author would seem to be an orator, an imaginative and devout orator—this side of sensationalism—rather than a great scholar or thinker (which characters, we believe, he makes no pretence of assuming); a man strongly impressed by the new science and the new theology—a man having the courage of his convictions, and competent to do great good in his day and generation to many active and anx-

ious minds. It would be rather curious if the Episcopal Church should find room for the Rev. Mr. Cowley, but not for the Rev. Heber Newton.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, the Rev. James Fraser, now Bishop of Manchester, England, spoke in a report to Parliament of 'a charming little society of about a dozen gentlemen, gathered from the most miscellaneous walks in life, who met weekly in New York to read a play of Aristophanes, or a dialogue of Plato, one of whose *noctes canaque* I was permitted to join.' This 'charming little society' met the other night to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. It was December 22d, the anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, and the New England Society were talking Choctaw half a mile away, when these dozen gentlemen with as many more friends and past-members—veteran Greeks—sat down at an Italian restaurant, with a French *menu*, to German wines and English roots, to discuss—well, say their 750th dinner. They were all Radicals of the true pattern, who went to the root of the matter, whether the root was Coptic, Hebrew, or Hellenic. There were among them scholars quite capable of interviewing Arabi Pasha or the Khedive of Egypt in his own tongue, or of disputing in Syriac at Baireuth, or of jogging Schliemann's memory about the corselet Agamemnon wore when Clytemnestra administered the fatal kiss. There were Egyptologists, archaeologists, lexicographers; but there were also plain teachers, lawyers, merchants and mayors—'ornery cusses,' who could still read Greek and eat Greek; and, if there were lexicons distributed up and down the table, it was not observed that they were used. Attic wit and Attic wines circulated instead, and it was found that a Platonic 'idea' would curl up as prettily in the smoke of a Cubana, or a Syriac root sprout as well under the gentle stimulus of a Rhenish libation, as Choctaw jokes at Delmonico's under the inspiring flow of Puritan apollinaris. These twenty-eight gentlemen, with their confusion of tongues, who sat down at Martinelli's at seven o'clock and got up at eleven, made their due proportion of good English jokes; and they were not 'tongue-tied,' for they made exactly thirty-three speeches. While some of the speeches were versified, and all diversified, none were in the Homeric hexameter; and the only 'scanning' done was by the grim waiters, who wondered if the ancient Greek appetite was as comfortably equal to an Aristophanic compound dish as was that of a modern 'Greek.'

When ex-Chancellor Howard Crosby recited the rhymed annals of the first quarter-century of the Club's life, and the senior professor of Columbia College roared out an Attic laugh from the other end of the table, and the young Mayor of Brooklyn, who sat by him, smiled the rosy smile of youth, even the grim waiters could see the joke. And when Prof. Drisler, the informal President, proclaimed the informality of the Club and its whole proceedings, and, in an informal way, called for informal speeches and elicited thirty-three of them, and scarcely a member reported himself 'unprepared,' the spinal columns in the corner relaxed, and it was found necessary to warn the speakers not to be 'as funny as they could.' Altogether, the study of Greek, *et cetera*, at Martinelli's, on Forefather's Day, was found to have its attractions, and the 'charming little society' of the Bishop of Manchester was discovered to be equally at home in the philosophy of Epicurus, of Aristotle, and of Aristophanes, and to have added to the original ten Attic orators more than as many

more. Four of the founders of the Club, who have followed its fortunes from the beginning, were present. At least eight of those whose *noctes canaque* the English Parliamentary Commissioner looked in upon, seventeen years ago, were at the table. With these, or besides these, were representatives from the Greek faculties of Johns Hopkins University, of Rutgers, of Brown, and of the three city colleges. The present membership of the Club includes the Rev. Drs. Howard Crosby and Talbot W. Chambers, both of the Bible Revision Committee; Prof. Henry Drisler and Charlton T. Lewis, of the Greek and Latin Dictionaries; William P. Prentice and F. Cope Whitehouse, who, with Mr. Lewis, represent the law; Robert B. Minturn and Mayor Seth Low, from the business world and politics; Prof. J. W. Barrow, J. Overhiser—one of the founders, D. S. Everson, James H. Morse, A. D. Savage, Ernest Sihler, and Mr. Simmons.

It is worth while to note the existence and staying-power of such a club in a city which is said to be the largest Irish city in the world, and in a country whereof the same intelligent Bishop, after a protracted study of our educational institutions, and a wide acquaintance with our educated men, could say: 'I do not remember an instance [outside of this society] in which even a remote allusion led me to suppose that he with whom I was conversing, or to whom I was listening, was familiar with the higher literature of Greece and Rome.'

FRENCH NOTES.

M. CARO's study of Littré and Positivism (Paris: Hachette) is attracting much attention. M. Caro is the dandy professor of the Sorbonne, the darling of the ladies, the butt of M. Pailleron in 'Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie,' and he may seem to the positivists rather a light-waisted champion of their leader. But M. Caro has been careful not to attempt too much, and relies so far on documentary evidence that he says the book ought to be called 'Les Confessions Politiques, Littéraires et Philosophiques de M. Littré.'

Hachette has put forth a 'Voyage dans l'Amerique du Sud,' by Dr. J. Crevaux, who traversed the Andes, Guiana, New Grenada, and Venezuela, and died in the midst of his explorations. M. Riou, best known by his illustrations of Jules Verne, has supplied three hundred drawings for the work, the materials being furnished by the traveller and by Apaton, his negro servant. Riou and Crevaux were fast friends.

Among the *éditions-de-luxe* of the week, there is 'L'Iconographie de la Reine Marie-Antoinette' (Quantin), a description of the collection of Lord Ronald Gower. Noticeable, also, is 'Les Reines du Chant,' by A. Thurner (Hennuyer)—an account of the great singers of three centuries, from Marie Autier, Favart, Saint Aubin, Branchu, Pasta, Sontag, and Malibran, down to Mme. Miolan Carvalho, with whom, Frenchmen are disposed to think, the advance of vocal art stopped short.

ITALIAN NOTES.

THERE are two very notable articles in the last number of the *Nuova Antologia* (Rome: Via del Corso). One is a review of the relations of England and France in Madagascar, proving, of course, that neither has the least right to the island and that Italy ought to interfere. The other is Giacomo Bove's account of his explorations in Patagonia and Terra del Fuego, being the first fruits of his unsuccessful voyage to the Antarctic. Signor Novati writes of Giovanni Luigi Radaelli, a forgotten poet; Signora Torrelli-Torriani concludes her novel 'La Marchesa Colombi'; and there is the usual review of books, music, politics and finance.

The Disinterment of John Howard Payne.

MR. JOHN WORTHINGTON, U. S. Consul at Malta, visited Tunis to witness the disinterment of the remains of John Howard Payne. The following is his account of the ceremony as given in the *Washington Star*:

'This morning at 12 M. the exhumation took place, in the presence of about twenty persons, a few being Tunisians attracted to the spot

through curiosity, the others being laborers employed, and a few gentlemen acting as witnesses at the request of Mr. Reade. I also signed the paper as a witness that the exhumation took place as stated. There were two persons present who were also at the funeral and interment of Payne,—i. e., Monsieur Pissani and a dragoman. The coffin was badly decayed, and was kept from falling apart, when raised, with difficulty; but everything relating to the remains was scrupulously and reverently preserved and handled. There was little else than the blackened skeleton left. Traces of the colonel's uniform, in which Payne was buried, were distinguishable—some gold lace and a few buttons. I asked for a button, which was given to me, and which I inclose to you. Mr. Reade also retains a button. I likewise inclose a twig from the large pepper tree that is growing at the head of the now empty grave, this twig having fallen on the coffin, from which I took it. At 3 o'clock, after the body had been put in its coffin, it was brought to the little Protestant church, where it will rest to-night under guard, and to-morrow morning be taken to a vessel, leaving for Marseilles in the afternoon. I will add that I tried, unsuccessfully, to procure a band to play Payne's immortal song as his remains should leave the marina off Tunis, but not any could play "Home Sweet Home," although I had the words and notes with me. However, as the body was brought into the chapel, an English captain, Bridger, played a dirge on the little American organ there, after which Mrs. Worthington sang "Home Sweet Home," and then we all came away leaving the body lying under the memorial window in the chancel, which a few large-hearted Englishmen had put in there in tender and gracious memory of one they loved and honored, not alone for his authorship of the most touching of all songs, but for the half melancholy and wholly beautiful character of the man himself.

Science

Scientific Notes.

IN AN ESSAY entitled 'Le Préhistorique: Antiquité de l'Homme' M. Gabriel de Mortillet, the learned Keeper of Antiquities in the Museum of Saint-Germain, attempts to establish the fact that during the tertiary period there existed a race intelligent enough to make a fire and fabricate flint implements. Their existence is proved to his satisfaction by the discovery, in the tertiary formation beds of France and Portugal, of quantities of flint implements which bear traces of fire exposure and evidences of having been shaped by the process of chipping. M. de Mortillet holds that the laws of paleontology do not permit us to ascribe these flint implements to mankind, and he proposes to attribute them to a 'fire-and-weapon-making animal, an ancestor of man, which he calls 'antropopithec'—in other words, man-monkey. This should be the 'missing link,' whose discovery was anticipated by Darwin.

Dr. G. M. Beard, who died in this city on Tuesday last, aged forty-three years, was graduated from Yale College in 1862, and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City in 1866. He was a prolific writer upon popular delusions, spiritualism, mind-reading, medical electricity, and a variety of kindred subjects, and was the author of a large work entitled 'Our Home Physician.' His name was well-known in connection with the Guiteau trial; and in Washington he worked most strenuously for the mitigation of the punishment of the assassin whom he believed insane. He leaves a wife and one child.

Within the last few years, the embryology of bats has been studied, as to several forms, by M. Albert Robin, and some unexpected facts have been lately ascertained. In the ordinary bats, the foetal envelopes are similar to those of the primates, but in the leaf-nosed bats of the family phyllostomidae, they resemble those of rodents.

A new natural history magazine has appeared at Ghent. Its title is *Natura Maandschrift voor Natuurwetenschappen uitgegeven door het Natuurwetenschappelijk Genootschap van Ghent*.

The Royal Gardens at Kew were visited in 1881 by 836,676 persons. Last year the number of visitors was 1,244,167—an increase of 407,491.

The Fine Arts

The Exhibition of Water-Colors.

TRUE to its programme, or perhaps in consequence of the special favor bestowed on its exhibitions by the public, the American Water-Color Society covers the North, South, and East Galleries of the Academy with a varied collection of modern work, and fills the Cor-

ridor besides. Among the 605 pieces there are plenty of good bits at prices not at all unreasonable, as prices for pictures go.—Mr. F. H. Lungren has a sparkling way with water-colors, as in 'Across a Bridge—Wet Day' and 'Watching the River—Winter Morning.' He is still a Fortuny man, and his figures are still often placed as if they were skating instead of moving at the ordinary gait of human beings. Of his 'Place de la Concorde' we can only say that it must represent rather what that square seems to a wild Western American on his first arrival in Paris, than what it really is. The size of it is enormously exaggerated; the obelisk is dwarfed by comparison with the famous fountains, and the pavement has the appearance that is a trademark with Mr. Lungren,—as if it had just rained, and objects could be reflected on the smooth wet surface. These eccentricities do not weigh heavily in the scale against a facile brush, and a bright, vivacious treatment of city and suburban scenes.—If we want eccentricity that has no extenuating traits to relieve it, we must pause before Mr. Alfred Brennan's 'Day' and 'Miss Ellen Terry as Camma,' in the Corridor. In England, at the end of the last century, books of poetry and satirical pamphlets were illustrated occasionally by fanciful sketches, hand-colored, like Mr. Brennan's 'Day.' It is a symbolical female figure, proportioned as to head and body on the scale of a snake, with symmetrical bands of yellow cottony hair, the face of a person of ill-regulated life, and the frame-work of a living skeleton. A white sun is pushing up an horizon of clouds behind her, while close above the sun, and in charming indifference to the actualities attending the moon when close to the sun, is a large, yellow harvest-moon, completely full. The figure carries in one hand a miniature house, and in the other a globe on which is a dragon. The workmanship is fair. Of 'Miss Ellen Terry as Camma' not even that can be said. The colors are crude and staring; the head too small for the figure; the background painfully noisy. If this is all that Mr. Brennan is going to do with his great talent, the sooner he stops the better.

In 'A Day in June' (East Gallery) two ladies and a dog are wading through a meadow full of flowers. The dog must be on stilts, or the ladies wanting by a foot or two of the ordinary length of human legs.—Mr. Robert Blum shows a 'Spanish Dance' of no great value, and a 'Spanish Water-carrier' in which the patient donkeys and the smiling carrier are capitally rendered. In both pictures there is more smudginess of tone than seems necessary, considering Mr. Blum's well-known skill. 'A Study from my Window—Rainy Morning' is a reminiscence of Venice; 'Tween Night and Morn' is a weak piece, not very excusable; and 'Venetian Boys' is not much better. Mr. Blum is not up to his mark this year.—Henry Muhrmann is at work in Bavaria again, and shows more than ordinary susceptibility to the work he is seeing about him. His figures are bold and heavy, his atmosphere thick, his painting full without being rich. Charles Mente and Currier, of Munich, both of whom are fully represented, are of the same school. Mr. Muhrmann is always able to fascinate, even while his pictures do not get full approval.—Mr. Carleton Wiggins, of Brooklyn, has nine water-colors, among which a purely landscape view, 'Rocks and Daisies,' is charming, and 'Gathering Potatoes in France' not without merit, though much inferior to 'Winter Twilight in France.' He is freer from the direct influence of a European master than most young sojourners in France.—Mr. A. M. Turner

(not C. Y.) has a pleasing fancy portrait of a 'Peasant Girl' in the Corridor in which the workmanship is excellent and the expression fine.—Mr. J. Alden Weir has some very attractive 'Flowers' in the Corridor; and his 'Dutch Sky' in the same place is very fine indeed, the cloud-masses hanging over the rounded Dutch verdure in a very striking and true way.—Mr. Alfred Kappes continues his investigations into the domestic life of the American colored person, and paints most excellent and amusing souvenirs thereof.—Mr. Fred. W. Freer keeps very much to one model, and paints her in all sorts of sentimental and unsentimental attitudes. It is getting wearisome, and we suspect that Mr. Freer is on the wrong track, when he tries to please continually by a pretty face.—Mr. F. S. Church shows a 'Lion in Love'; a blonde picture with the clouds painted thickly in body-color, and the performers a graceful girl seen in profile and a most lamb-like king of beasts.—In 'Meditation,' a new workman, August Mies, has good stuff.—Mr. George W. Edwards, who has been pleasing the Bostonians, shows a Belgian windmill of no particular excellence, and a 'Wood-Nymph's Call' in which the procession of wood-nymphs is good from the skill in which they half appear, while the 'brownies' are rather too grotesque, and the black crows which attend the fairy promenade are too black and real by contrast. His best piece is 'A Sketch—Etretat,' a marine in which the roll of the waves and the rise of the sail-boat are cleverly rendered.

For the present, no more water-colorists can be mentioned, but there are many other noticeable pictures by Americans and by foreigners. The Etching Exhibition in the West and North-West Galleries is full and interesting.

Art Notes.

THE European papers announce the sale to Prince Liechtenstein of Mr. Morris Moore's celebrated 'Virgin of the Lectern,' by Michael Angelo—perhaps the finest specimen of the few known paintings of the great master. It was engraved for the first time in *Scribner's Monthly* for November, 1879. In an article accompanying the engraving, Mr. Clarence Cook said of the painting itself: 'I take it to be a very youthful work, and find in the attenuated and writhing figure of the Christ-child, with his aged face, a reminiscence of the early Germans; as if it might have been inspired by Michael Angelo's youthful study of Schongauer.' Although the price paid for the picture has not been published, it is known that the Italian Government valued it at 50,000 scudi, for the exportation tax. For while the United States Government taxes the *importation* of art works, that of Italy, more wisely perhaps, taxes their *exportation*.

The Artists' Fund Exhibition at the Kirby art gallery is an improvement on its predecessors. Of about one hundred works very few are bad, and the number that can be called good is quite considerable. Many of the members, young and old, have generously taken the occasion to put forth their best efforts. Mr. Dielman has never produced a more satisfactory picture than his group of pretty girls under the vine-leaves of an old-fashioned trellis; Mr. Murphy is at his best and seems to be making great strides forward; Mr. Hicks, who is President of the Society, has a very good example of his well-known manner; and there are some fine landscapes by Mr. Homer Martin, Mr. Whittredge and others.

Mr. Hamerton, writing in the January *Portfolio*, expresses his belief that the 'Novar Madonna'—the 'Madonna dei Candelabri,' belonging to the 'Munroe (*sic*) collection,' has been bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, of this city. Why does he think so?

A portrait of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith forms the frontispiece of the February number of *The Art Amateur*. Edward Strahan writes the sketch of Mr. Smith's work, which occupies another page of the magazine and is illustrated with specimens of the artist's work.

Mr. J. W. Bouton has become the agent for the 'Ouvrage d'Art,' the publication of the French society of water-color painters, a sumptuous work issued in parts. It contains the most successful photogravures we have ever seen.

The Drama

THEATRICAL taste has reached its lowest point. Cheap melodrama reigns undisturbed, and despite the protests against recent enormities the same crowds which applauded 'The World' are now flocking to Wallack's Theatre to applaud 'The Silver King.' Criticism has meekly given way. Where it should lead, it follows. 'After all,' it says, 'we are thankful for small mercies, and "The Silver King" is the best of its class.' Shade of Dion Boucicault, still hovering phantasmal in the upper air of Boston, descend, great wonder-worker of the past, and hear this impotent excuse. Have we so far forgotten the 'Colleen Bawn,' the 'Long Strike,' the 'Jessie Brown,' that we should accept a farrago of dull trivialities as 'the best of its class'? Thy hand, oh Boucicault, has lost its cunning, but thy work lives to remind a new generation that melodrama may still be the domain of the scholar and the wit.

For scholarship and wit one may look in vain in 'The Silver King.' Its origin, we have very little doubt, is the 'Suicidio' of Paolo Ferrari. That beautiful play, which for five full years has charmed the Italians, is, for many reasons, untranslatable for our stage. It is the tale of a doctor who is driven by despair to shoot himself. Saved from death, yet believed by his family to be dead, he goes to America, becomes a famous physician, and returns after many years to find his family in poverty and disgrace. He dares not make himself known, save to his daughter. For three acts he is the guardian angel of the household. He relieves their distress; he shields his two children from harm; he finally clears his name, and is restored to his wife in one of the most pathetic scenes known to the modern drama. To turn Ferrari's play into 'The Silver King,' you have only to make the suicide a murder, the lapse of years four instead of twenty, and then each act of the English play will be found to follow the logical order of each act of the Italian. We should not be at the pains to demonstrate the resemblance if Mr. Wallack's bills did not announce the play as 'entirely new and original.' Plagiarism is no defect in a playwright if he has the art to adorn what he borrows.

There is, however, a slight difference between the literary status of Paolo Ferrari and that of Messrs. Herman and Jones, the authors of 'The Silver King.' Ferrari is the Augier of his stage. His comedy 'Prosa' is a classic. His budget of plays contains some of the sprightliest work produced since the days of his master, Goldoni. Mr. Herman, on the other hand, is, we believe, a stage manager, who made a new version of 'Adrienne Lecouvreur' for Mme. Modjeska. Mr. Jones is the author of three unimportant works. One is the comedietta 'A Clerical Error,' the story of a clergyman who gives his ward, whom he loves, to his nephew, who loves her. Another is the comedietta 'An Old Master,' the romance of a country schoolmaster. The third is a dramatization of Mark Hope's novel 'A Prodigal Daughter,' which watered into inanity the strong incidents of the story, and met with no success whatever. Thus, though both the authors of 'The Silver King' have had experience of the boards, they have given no token of the true stage-gift which is revealed in a flash of dialogue, in a gleam of character. It was to be expected that their melodrama would be well-carpentered, concise, and to the point. Also that it would be hopelessly commonplace and colorless. And that is just what it is.

It opens in the skittle alley of the 'Wheatsheaf,' a public house in Clerkenwell. All the characters are coming home from the Derby. They have dolls in their hats and are, for the most part, drunk. Very drunk, indeed, they must have been to find their way to Clerkenwell, which is nowhere on the line between London and Epsom. However, here they are, drinking, shouting, swaggering, bragging of their gains or deploring their losses. Their handling on the stage reflects the highest credit on Mr. Arthur Wallack, who is developing the capacity of his father. They act like real people, not like supernumeraries. They call for beer; they drink it; they pay for it; and the landlord puts the money in the till. The barmaid does not stand listening to the dialogue. She bustles about her business, clearing the tap of froth, fetching new bottles, flirting with the customers; and these customers, who have nothing to say, yet help to fill the scene with their gestures. They are in pretty strange company, nevertheless; old friends of the play-

goer, but queer inmates of a skittle alley in Clerkenwell. There is Captain Skinner, the gentleman burglar, who knows everybody in high life, and instead of devoting his talents to society journalism, opens safes and robs banks. Then there is Sam Baxter, the astute detective, who knows all about Captain Skinner and his little games, but, somehow or other, never thinks of arresting him. Then there is Wilfrid Denver, a gentleman of good heart and dissipated habits, who has returned from the races drunk, disorderly, and penniless. Everybody instinctively shakes hands with them as old acquaintances. 'What! James Dalton, alias The Tiger, how are you, you rogue? And you, Mr. Hawkshaw, the detective, how is everything at Scotland Yard? And, no; can it be Bob Brierly, honest Bob from Lancashire and Portland Prison? Why, Bob, where is your brogue?' And when greetings are exchanged, we learn that Wilfrid Denver has a wife, and is furiously jealous of Geoffrey Ware, an engineer, and vows that he will kill him.

Then comes the scene which first tests the dramatist's strength. Skinner and his men are opening Ware's safes. Wilfrid Denver comes unexpectedly among them, is chloroformed and left senseless on the floor. Geoffrey Ware himself returns and is shot dead by Captain Skinner. The dead man and the senseless are left together. Denver recovers consciousness. He tries to pull himself together. 'Brace up, you drunken scoundrel,' says he; 'get home to your wife and children.' Balancing on a chair, he thinks of home; then looks for his hat and, looking, stumbles over the corpse. He kicks it, naturally enough; bids it get up. Then he leans over it and sees the blood. In a panic he feels the heart. Then it all flashes upon him. He came to kill his man, and he has killed him. The name of murderer is on his lips, but he chokes it back into his throat. The eyes of the dead man glare at him. He seizes the tablecloth, throws it over the corpse, and flies. It is a good situation; it is a fine situation. Written by Mr. Boucicault or a Frenchman, played by Salvini or a Fechter, it would be one of those terrible scenes recalling to almost everybody some hour of stress or agony which has visited their own lives. But the authors fall far below it. They set it in trivial dialogue; they fill it with incidents as trite as that of the tablecloth. They would have done better to have left it wholly to the imagination of the actor who played it. His imagination could not possibly have been more sterile than theirs.

This dramatic incapacity is shown in every scene that follows. Wilfrid Denver is now a crime-haunted man. Any one who may have seen Mr. Henry Irving, a few years ago, play the murderer in 'The Bells,' will remember what terrors may be made to accompany the memory of a crime. Wilfrid Denver, to elude pursuit, jumps from the train, and though he instantly sits on a log, and recalls the glaring eyes, you see that he is really thinking about his lame leg and the dust on his coat. He meets a company of merry old gentlemen who are reading the story of the assassination, and after a few inarticulate sobs and gasps cries in a peevish voice 'Don't pester me,' and leaves them very much astonished. He is served by a pretty waiting-maid and flirts with her in a moody manner. His concern for his fate is so poorly elaborated that, when you learn that his train has been wrecked and he is supposed to be dead, you feel it would be impolite to be more concerned than he. Think how the tragic poets of Greece would have protracted his flight from justice. Think of some of those night-scenes which Dickens did so well, where men are left struggling with their conscience and their fears. Think of Hugo's ghastly tale of 'Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné.' One needs not the genius of Dickens or Hugo to present these things on the stage. 'The Bells' was written by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, and adapted by an obscure attorney.

Denver having escaped to America, the humor of the play begins. Very doleful humor it is. Captain Skinner, better known as 'The Spider,' keeps a remarkable establishment in the country. He has a charming little hunting-box and a charming little wife. His servants are all convicts or the relatives of convicts. His friends are, for the most part, ordinary burglars. They wear their caps in his drawing-room, spit on his carpet, insult his wife, and come to his table in ordinary burglarious costume. We are not told what the neighbors or the police think of them, but their company is probably relished very much by the duchesses and countesses whom Captain Skinner, at intervals, relieves of their diamonds. But by one person they are not relished at all. That person is Mrs. Denver, Wilfrid's wife, who occupies the gardener's lodge on Skinner's estate, and is about to be ejected with her children. Wilfrid returns in time to save her. He gives money to one of his children

who conveniently takes a walk so as to reappear at the end of the scene and arouse the enthusiasm of the audience by paying the rent. He assumes the disguise of a gibbering idiot, calls himself 'Poor Dickey,' and pretends to be deaf, that he may enter a house through the door when he might easily have entered it through the window. He refuses to make himself known to his wife in order that the curtain may fall on their union. Indeed he shows the utmost consideration for the effects of the cheap melodramatist, and is such a thoroughly good fellow that he would rather cut off his hand than spoil a climax. No wonder the authors have just presented his London representative with a piece of silver plate.

Melodramas like this discredit the stage. Their personages live in Dime Novel Land. Their art is the art of the cheap story-paper. Poetry, wit, fancy, have no part in them. Their sole merit is that they are always in motion. They keep the caldron of commonplace constantly seething. Mr. Wallack is, of course, well aware of their character. He will not himself appear in them. He leaves them to players of the robustious school of Mr. Tearle, Mr. Kelsey, and Miss Coghlan. He shrugs his shoulders, pockets his receipts, and observes that what is good enough for the unthinking and uneducated of London is good enough for the unthinking and uneducated of New York.

Music

Concert Notes.

THERE has been no lack of pianists this season. At each of the Thomas popular matinées, some one has appeared who had not been heard in Steinway Hall before. At the last of these performances, Miss Pinney made her début in Schumann's Concerto in A-minor, and revealed herself as an artist of much promise. Her execution is good; and she manifested considerable intelligence and taste in her interpretation of the Schumann concerto, and in a very brilliant performance of Liszt's Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody. Miss Pinney has certain excellent qualities which drilling could not give her. What she now needs is constant practice.

Another young pianist, Mlle. Ilonka de Ravasz, a Hungarian, gave a concert at Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, in which she was assisted by a fellow-countryman—Mr. Korbay. Mlle. de Ravasz's playing is marked by some very desirable qualities, notably those which are, to a certain extent, characteristic of the musicians of her race—passion, imagination, and absolute disregard of technical difficulties. Unfortunately these are often accompanied by an equal disregard of beauty of form, and the niceties of phrasing. Mlle. Ravasz's playing is marked by these merits and these defects. Her performance last Tuesday evening—which consisted almost exclusively of works by Hungarian composers—proved that she possesses many beautiful gifts, but that she must undergo very severe and conscientious training before she can hope to attain a conspicuous position among pianists. Mr. Korbay sang some Hungarian songs and some melodies of his own composition; and Monsieur Robin, an amateur, gave several baritone solos with very good effect.

A performance very different from Mlle. de Ravasz's Magyar entertainment, was Mr. Richard Arnold's annual concert. A new trio by Brahms was the leading number on the programme. We are becoming more familiar with Brahms's works, and as our familiarity increases, the composer begins to occupy the same eminent position with us that he has held in Germany for many years. No living composer of orchestral music can be compared with Brahms and Rubinstein without credit to these two. Mr. Neupert gave an admirable performance of Liszt's brilliant fantasia on subjects from 'L'Africaine,' and Mr. Arnold himself played a beautiful romanza by Svensden and a fantasia by Sarasate.

Musical Note.

BARON FREDERICK VON FLOTOW, the composer of 'Martha,' died in Vienna on the 25th of January. He was born in Mecklenburg in 1812, and was designed by his father for a diplomatic career; but his love of music prevailed, and he was sent to Paris to study the art.

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